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At the Journey's End —God

BY ALFRED GRANT WALTON

Canst thou by searching find out God? Job 11:7.

FROM the day when the tribes of Israel wandered in the wilderness until the present time, mankind has kept on the move. Our primitive ancestors found that hostile neighbors or inadequate food supplies made such peregrinations necessary. Today we travel because we enjoy it, as well as for reasons of necessity. Everyone likes "to go places and to do things." Present means of transportation have greatly increased the ease with which we can move. Airplanes take us across the continent at 160 miles per hour; two thousand miles may be covered in a single night. Ocean liners span the Atlantic in five days. The automobile gives us a cruising range of 250 miles in eight hours. Years ago, it was not uncommon to find people who had lived their lives within the borders of a single town. Now everyone feels the lure of places beyond. Our travel delights us and it educates us. A summer abroad is worth a year in college at any time.

But there are other journeys, strikingly analogous to our wanderings over the face of the earth, in which everyone participates. I refer to man's constant ventures in the realm of human thought. In science, politics, economics and philosophy we are reaching out in every direction to discover truth and to find out its meaning and value for man. We are doing this with an enthusiasm and zeal such as has characterized no previous generation. But where do such travels take us and what discoveries do we make at the journey's end?

Many of our excursions terminate in mystery and awe. Life is crowded with enigmas and we are often face to face with a perplexing interrogation. In his famous novel, "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo shows how a small cowboy turned the destinies of Europe in the nineteenth century. When Von Bülow was bring-

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ing reinforcements to Wellington at Waterloo, he was uncertain of his directions and stopped this lad to seek information of him. The boy advised the shortest way and Von Bülow arrived in time to give the necessary assistance to Wellington, turning the tide of battle and bringing defeat to the great Napoleon. Why did events happen that way? Or take a closer, more intimate illustration. Not many months ago a whole family was wiped out in a grade crossing accident in Massachusetts. Subsequent information brought out the fact that this family had been invited to stay for supper at the place where they had been entertained during the afternoon. They declined. On their tragic journey homeward they stopped a short distance from the railroad tracks to cover their radiator with a blanket. Had they accepted the invitation for the evening meal, had they continued on their way without interruption, they would have missed the train and the accident would not have happened. Life is like that. It is crowded with mystery.

We are alive today because of a minute chemical compound about which many have never heard. It is fibrinogen. When you cut your finger, what keeps the blood from flowing out of your body like water from a cracked jar? Fibrinogen. In the blood stream are some minute cells called blood platelets. When exposed to the air they dissolve and throw off thromboplastin. This substance unites with the calcium in the body to form thrombin. Thrombin acts on fibrinogen to make fibrin. Fibrin is the clot which stops the wound. A marvelously complex chemical action saves us all from destruction. How nature happened to arrange her affairs in this manner is beyond our ken.

JOURNEYS ENDING IN MYSTERY

Matter itself is a mystery. This fragment of dust we call our earth is a minute globule in an expansive universe. The dramatic lighting of the Century of Progress Exposition by the use of a ray from Arcturus which started on its way forty years ago, gives us only a faint idea of the magnitude of the cosmos. The outermost star of the Milky Way is 250,000 light years from the earth. A single light year is six trillion miles.

Look at the more minute expressions of matter and you will discover the same enigma. We talk about atoms. How big is an atom? A bird shot multiplied ten billion times would be as large as the earth. An atom increased in the same proportion would be only three feet in diameter. These atoms are porous. At the center is a nucleus or proton around which are swirling electrons moving with the precision and regularity of the planets. The spaces between them are proportionately greater than the extensions in the solar system. Here is mystery, plenty of it, so stupendous, so baffling that our puny minds gaze in abject wonder and admiration.

The Psalmist asked, "What is man?" Surely we ought to be able to answer that question, but we cannot. Chemically man can be resolved into his component parts. He is largely a bag of water hanging on a bony frame. Biologically he is related to lower forms of life and his place in the progress of evolution is a recent one. An eminent scientist of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has pointed out that every cell of man, body and brain alike, was once a part of the sun and the process of evolution to his present state has spread over one and a half billion years. Half of geological time passed before there were any vertebrates. Only within the last five million years has man emerged from his lowly origin. Yet who can explain man, so complex, so amazing, so divine? He is great enough to produce a Beethoven sonata, mighty enough to conceive a play of Shakespeare or an Einstein theory of relativity. He has a mind of sufficient capacity not only to evaluate his own marvelous development, but to interpret the universe itself. Surely this hoary history, these countless millennia give pause for thought. Man's sober reflections bring him at the end of the road face to face with the unexplainable and subdue his proud spirit with wonderment and mystery.

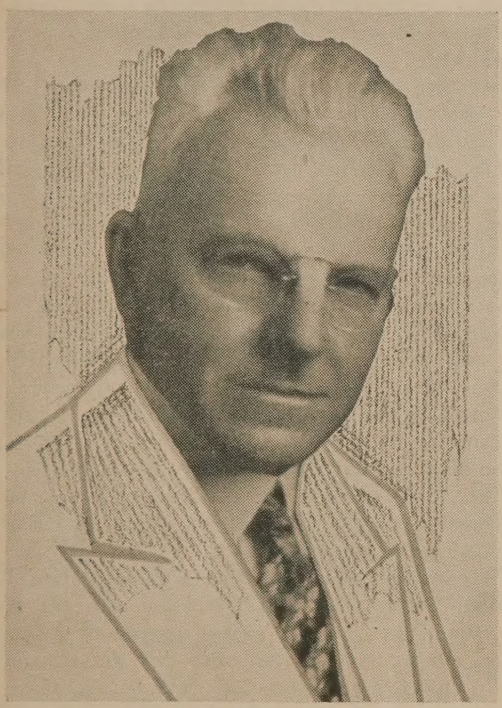
JOURNEYS ENDING IN HELPLESSNESS

Other journeys move in quite a different direction. Many of our excursions end in helplessness and make us conscious of our utter impotence. Man has achieved much in the manipulation of the forces of nature and he has wisely used his knowledge for his own beneficent purposes. What wonders he has revealed! He can take black, sticky coal tar and change it into perfumes, medicines, flavoring extracts. He can make a single wire carry eight different messages at a time. He can take steel, copper and aluminum and make a machine with a hundred horsepower, yet tractable enough for a delicate woman to control it by the turn of a finger and the exercise of an ankle joint. So daring has man become that he is now seeking to release the hidden energies of the atom. Professor LeBon of Paris has said that the energy imprisoned in the smallest French coin is the equivalent of eight million horsepower. A cup of water contains enough energy to carry a transatlantic liner on a round trip across the seas. Dangerous business this, tampering with such titanic forces—yet man stops at nothing. But with all our power we are constantly reminded of the great hiatus between what we can do and what we cannot do. Nature's laws enslave us. Overpowering forces baffle us. Consider how life is absolutely dependent upon such commonplace things as sunlight and water. Food supplies would be gone if either were taken from us. Sometimes we face blighting drought with attendant crop failures and even gaunt famine. There is never a time when some people, somewhere, are not hungry and impoverished for lack of food. The slightest disturbance of the balance affects us.

The sea covers a major portion of the earth's surface. It furnishes an excellent illustration of man's weakness. The waves of the ocean can toss our best built ships like flotsam and jetsam and in their majestic fury they make us realize that they are still rulers in their vast domain. Think of the tides. In the ancient legend of King Canute, that wise monarch, weary of the flattery of his courtiers, took them to the sea and commanded that the tides cease to come in. But they came in just the same and thus did he reveal to his followers, king though he was, his own helplessness. Ever thereafter he would not wear his crown, but carried it at

his side. Anyone who has ever felt the tremors of a mighty earthquake needs no one to impress on him the fact that mighty man is not so mighty as he thinks.

Every few years a disease known as influenza sweeps the earth, at times becoming virtually pandemic. Four hundred persons in every thousand are affected by it; two in every four hundred die as the result of it. An infinitesimal germ, so small that it can scarcely be isolated, causes all of this trouble. The germ is more powerful than man. Through the centuries the human race has been scourged and crushed by the devastating plagues that have swept over the earth and while some have been controlled and even conquered, the power of



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micro-organisms is still a menace. Man is not yet lord of all creation. So our journeys in the natural world, despite great achievements, continually reveal our helplessness.

But follow along still other paths in the field of human thought and you will come face to face, at the journey's end, with the question of values. Our age is intensely scientific, more so than any other era in human history, and more progress has been achieved in the last one hundred years than in all previous time since the dawn of civilization. Science is responsible for the comforts we now enjoy and one cannot speak too glowingly of what systematized knowledge has done. In fact, it has accomplished so much that many are unwilling to carry their thinking beyond the realms of demonstrated fact. Let us look at this new god of the modern world. Science is simply the organized facts of human experience assembled and utilized for daily living. The scientific man makes observations of the material universe, formulates hypotheses, advances theories and finally arrives at the place where he can formulate laws. He considers nothing in the field of sense perceptions outside of his consideration. Too much cannot be said in praise of those who have given themselves to scientific research. By their efforts we are able to accomplish what men of other centuries would have considered impossible. We can span mighty rivers, tunnel through mountains, erect lofty skyscrapers and make machines do our work. Science has replaced the tallow candle with the electric light, the oxcart with the railroad train and the airplane, the town crier with the telephone and the radio.

Yet if we are true to all the facts we will realize that the field of science is limited. It never goes outside the realm of experience and does not concern itself at all with values. We may still ask what is the worth and significance of all that we know. Every fact has this side which must be taken into consideration. As Dean Inge has pointed out, "A fact which has no value is not a fact, and a value which is not a fact has no value." He emphasizes further the importance of our value judgments by the pithy comment that "a man who interrupted a violin solo by saying, 'The fellow is only dragging the tail of a dead horse over the entrails of a dead cat' would be a nuisance." Thus it becomes apparent that when our thought has taken us to the limits of scientific observation, we come to a new domain which belongs to religion. There can never possibly be a conflict between these two realms of thought. They are forever separate, as one can readily see, for science is related to phenomena and religion with the interpretation of phenomena.

DISCOVERING GOD

Let us now consider all together these three different avenues of travel in the subjective field. Some have brought us face to face with mystery; others have led us to a realization of our own weakness; still others to questions of worth. These seem quite unrelated and yet there is a very definite connection between them. Like the many roads that converge at the Capitol in Washington or at the Place Etoile in Paris, these roads lead us to the very heart of religion. One can no more escape the issues which they raise than he can avoid the operation of the laws of nature. These very situations which quicken our sense of mystery, our feelings of dependence, our demand for values are the ones which give birth to our religious impulses and call forth a belief in God. Speaking of the origin of faith, Professor Julian Huxley, the eminent British scientist, has said: "Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness; certain things, events, ideas, beings are felt as mysterious and sacred." The same is true of man's helplessness. The primordial savage venerated the forces of nature. Romans, Greeks and Egyptians worshiped gods and goddesses who controlled the sun, the sea, the crops and the thunderbolt. In our weakness and human futility we turn instinctively toward the power greater than ourselves to help us.

Likewise, religion rises out of the insistent demand of the human mind for an answer to the riddle of existence. We simply must know the meaning of the world to which we belong, for it "is the nature of consciousness not only to observe, but to value." In order

to give life dignity, to free it from utter unintelligibility, we are compelled to make ventures of faith and to postulate a supreme Being. Thus a belief in God is utterly inescapable when we come to the end of the road. This belief is not a blind faith, the outgrowth of ignorance and superstition. It is not simply "wishful thinking" in which the mind supplies what the heart desires. It is not an emotional, ecstatic faith without depth or stability. It is a faith rooted and grounded in the depths of human experience, reasonable and rational, and the normal outgrowth of man's intimate contact with life. All paths lead to God. To quote Philip Bailey's words: "Life is but a means to an end. That end, the beginning, means an end of all things—God." We must believe in him whose presence we feel in the grandeur of the storm-swept sea, in the mystery of the starry night. We must believe in him whose existence gives meaning to the cosmic process. Atheism is not the product of wisdom; it is the result of a willful ignorance, a narrow bigotry, an amazing blindness to the facts of life.

In the trying and troubled times through which the world is passing, it is a comforting faith that there is a God on whom we may rely. Life is something more than mere mechanism; the world is not going to the dogs. Back of all the mysterious outworkings of passing events is the Eternal One whom we find at the journey's end.

The Challenge of the Good

By William F. Kosman

Seek, and ye shall find. Matthew 7:7.

THE New Testament contains no more heartening passage than the one in which Jesus assures his disciples that if they ask, they shall receive; if they seek, they shall find; if they knock, the door will open to them.

Jesus grounds this assurance in ordinary experience. Is there a man among you, he says, who if his son asks bread, will he give him a stone; if he asks a fish, will he give him a serpent? No—but just because he is a father, he will give him bread; he will give him a fish. "Therefore," says Jesus, "if you, being evil, know how to give gifts to your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him?" That is, since there is this responsive goodness in human relations on which children can count to guarantee good gifts from their parents, is it not reasonable to suppose that an even more responsive goodness exists at the heart of reality on which also men can rely? Is it not reasonable to believe that your seeking and striving, your efforts to achieve highest human values shall be cosmically sustained? What we find to be of significance on our human plane must have its correlate in the sphere beyond the human.

Here Jesus, on the basis of a rational, reasonable faith brings his disciples face to face with the presence of the good, and when we are face to face with the good, we confront the deepest and most fundamental fact in the universe.

THE GOOD A REALITY

To be sure, the good exists only in contrast with the evil. Life, all too evidently, is shot through with contradictions, frustrations, limitations; stark, naked tragedy. Even in the quiet of this place, "the still, sad voice of humanity" rings in our ears; the distress of millions, crushed by economic and social disaster, punctuates our thinking. Everywhere evil raises its sinister head and mocks at our faith in the good. Some degree of moral pessimism is unavoidable. We are forced to be realists and to repudiate the blind optimism of Victorian days.

Nevertheless, to see only the evil is to have a one-sided view of reality. Evil is here—but good is also here and to be blind to the good is as fatal an error as to be blind to the evil. If one is to be a thoroughgoing realist one must view reality from all sides. Ugliness is real—and so is beauty. Winter storms are real—and so are perfect days in June. Sewers are real—and so are the brooks that ripple through leafy glens in summer. Slums are real—so are the godly homes from which many of us have come. Judas is real—so is Jesus. It is said that Schopenhauer did all his writing with a skeleton before him, in order that he might never fail to be realistic. The fact is that you are likely to achieve a greater degree of realism if you write with the song of the birds in your ears, the calm of the noonday in your heart, the touch of a loving hand upon your own. In one sense, religion is but loving response to the beauty and goodness of the world.

The good, to a large extent, is merely potential. But potentialities are real. Possibilities are real. Dr. Fosdick reminds us that "you cannot squeeze all the possibilities out of any situation and call the remainder real." That is pure abstraction. The true meaning of any situation lies in its possibilities. The real worth of any man is not in what he is at any given moment, much less in what he has at any given moment, but in what he may become—in his potentialities. Many people have been trying to explain everything in the world on the basis of evil. It will be wholesome to try to explain it on the basis of the good. Instead of facing life with the intention of not overlooking one single, sinister evil fact, let us face it determined to see it as it really is—pregnant with possibilities for good. And if we are really sensitive to the moral challenge of our times we shall try to transform all the possibilities of existence for good into new realities.

THE GRAND PERHAPS

It is not easy to grant reality to the good. Evil is so omnipresent, so potent, that belief in the good seems irrational and philosophers draw up their intellectual scheme of things leaving no place for the good. But the good cannot be excluded from any realistic scheme of things. When men have their rational assumptions that there is no good all neatly formulated, the good breaks through their arguments and demands recognition.

Browning describes a bishop taking issue with a

skeptic. The bishop begins by granting all the skeptic's arguments. "Very well," he says, "let us not believe anything. The world is without God and without hope. Jesus is a delusion. Ideals are mere imagination, a conceit of the nerves. Let's grant all this," says the bishop, "but what then? What happens is that faith comes back—to shake us by fits and starts. So the problem is to guard yourself against faith's coming back, to keep your unbelief from being shaken. But can you do it?" asks the bishop. "Oh no, you cannot do it. For

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just when we are sure there is no good, just when we are most strongly fortified against belief:

> Just when we're safest, there's a sunset touch,
> A fancy from a flower bell, some one's death,
> A chorus ending from Euripedes—
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
> As old and new at once as nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
> Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring
> Round the ancient idol on his base again,
> The Grand Perhaps.

Into all pessimistic philosophies the Grand Perhaps intrudes itself and demands consideration. As men proceed upon it, venture their lives upon it, it becomes more than the Grand Perhaps. It becomes the Grand Certainty, the foundation of every realistic philosophy of life and civilization.

HAUNTED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE GOOD

If man cannot avoid the presence of the good in his intellectual life, no more can he avoid it in his moral life. "If I make my bed in hell," says the psalmist, "Behold, thou art there." Francis Thompson says he "fled Him down the nights and down the days, down the arches of the years." He hid from him "in the midst of fears" and "under running laughter," but—

> Those strong feet that followed, followed after—
> They beat,—and a voice beat
> More instant than the feet—
> All things betray thee, who betrayest me.

This thing of shutting one's life to the challenge of the good and, without moral scruples or religious compunctions of any sort, doing just what one pleases is no easy matter. Long ago Huxley said: "A man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do what he likes." These people who have defied God—how nervous they are! These women who declare they want no tyranny, who seemingly have emancipated themselves from father, husband and home—what a time they have of it! They are forever making the rounds from physician to beauty-shop to nerve specialist, and barely manage to "hold on." These young people who have thrown all external authority overboard and cultivated none within; who fear, they claim, neither God nor man; who show no respect for parent, preacher, priest or policeman—they are blasé, jaded, world-weary, worn out at twenty-two. The multitudes, living in this challenging and precarious world so filled with problems and perplexities, who yet cannot be persuaded to give a moment's serious thought to their own destiny—watch them pore over the tabloids, immerse themselves in lurid literature and almost equally lurid films, crowd places of popular amusement. What are they doing but trying to forget something or to find something, they know not what—trying to stifle some challenging voice within, to shut out the vision of something fair and lovely beyond themselves? They are haunted by the presence of the good from which they cannot escape.

Of course, if a man or woman sinks utterly and completely into the abyss, wilfully denies the good, is altogether impervious to any promptings of the spirit, and belongs among those who "will not come that they may have life," then, to be sure, there is no hope for him. He is shutting the door of the kingdom of heaven upon himself. But so long as a spark of humanity remains within a man, so long he can make up his mind, he must reckon with the good.

THE GOOD A TERRIFIC FACT

Indeed, this persistent presence of the good is a terrific fact. When men have built high their houses of worldly content, shutting out all vision of the beyond and thinking they have all they need to live by; yea, when men grow rich and strong and believe that they hold all law and all destiny in their hands—then, at last, the good, disowned and outraged, will avenge itself upon them. This is what Jesus meant when he said:

> The stone which the builders rejected
> Has become the cornerstone.
> He who falls on this stone will be severely hurt;
> But he on whom it falls will be utterly crushed.

Individuals and nations come to ruin not because they embrace the evil, but because they deny and repudiate the good. The good is the rock against which they crumble.

Shakespeare, that immortal dramatist of the soul, has

symbolized this in the character of Lady Macbeth. Lady Macbeth had just done a foul and premeditated murder. Through this murder she thought to make her way to all she desired. But it was not as she had anticipated. She tries to sleep, and a sort of impotent repose comes over her senses but to her conscience rest is denied forever. She walks in her sleep and washes her hands again and again. But the telltale stains of blood do not disappear.

> Out, damned spot! Out, I say!
> Here's the smell of the blood still.
> All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

It is not the evil of her deed which wrecks her life at the end but the insistent pressure of the good from which she cannot escape. Here is a parable of the race. Denied, betrayed, outraged, the good will vindicate itself at last.

A man may deny the instinct of humanity within himself, betray love and friendship and turn his back upon the pleadings of his better self—but that will not be the end of it. He may sink into the slough of venial pleasure, live for the fleeting joy of the senses and allow the flesh to have complete ascendency over his soul—but that will not be the end of it. He may crucify the Christ on the cross, as once was done in days gone by, but out of the grave in which he thinks he is buried forever, he will rise to confront him, as he confronted Mary in the garden of the sepulcher, and speaking his name, as he spoke hers, he will make it clear that that is not the end of it.

When those high in church and state some twenty centuries ago laid the cross on Jesus and watched him stumbling along the narrow, rocky ways toward Calvary, they thought they had done with him forever. But they had not. Mankind still has the Christ on its hands.

A DREAM SLAUGHTERED

When the governors and rulers of the world in 1914, confronted by the issue of war or peace, pushed aside all consideration of understanding and accord, turned their backs upon the hopes and dreams of a common humanity that had slowly been forming in the consciousness of men and betrayed mankind into that terrible crusade of slaughter and devastation—do you think we finished with those issues then?

> Who goes there in the night
> Across the wind-swept plain?
> We are the ghosts of a valiant war,
> A million murdered men.

Surely, murdering another million men or another ten million men will not lay their ghosts. This threatening rumble of discontent and desperation ringing in our ears night and day. What is that? It is the protest of the multitudes of the world, disinherited and impoverished by the war and its consequences. Will bread and circuses forever satisfy their just demands?

The panic that engulfs the world today! What causes that? What but fear—the mortal fear that clutches our hearts as we contemplate the gigantic, death-dealing armaments looking down upon us in threatening ferocity from every capital of the world. Will piling up more armaments upon armaments dam up this avalanche of consuming fire?

Ah, no! We cannot forever solve our problems on the basis of evil. We cannot forever repudiate good sense and intelligence. We cannot forever outrage justice and beauty and peace. We cannot forever keep the Christ on the cross. Inevitably he will come down from the cross and march through our hearts like a plowshare, into our market-places, our centers of finance, our halls of legislation and, in the light of his presence, our crass stupidity and greed will stand revealed, stark and naked, as a tree stripped of every leaf and branch in the wake of the winter's storm.

Bernard Shaw spoke sober sense when he said: "We crucified Him on a stick, but somehow He managed to get hold of the right end of it, and today our only hope of solving the problems of the world lies in applying to them the spirit in which He lived and the principles He taught." I tell you, this challenge of the good is insistent and inexorable. If we are to live, we must respond to it, act upon it, give ourselves to it.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE GOOD?

In this world of which we are a part; this world which is really two worlds, the one dead, the other powerless to be born; this world in which there is so much of evil, frustration, stark tragedy and yet so much of possibility for good; this world, so far from God and yet potentially so near to God; this world, trembling on the brink of disaster, and yet at the threshold of a new day—in this world nothing is of such tremendous significance as the character of our response to the challenge of the good.

"What will you do with the good?" is the question that comes home to each of us. The good within yourself, these noble impulses of your better moments, deep down—have you the courage to own them, to allow them to come to expression?

The good in men, in your fellows—what will you do with it? Will you allow yourself to be persuaded it isn't there, or will you appeal to it, build your faith upon it, make it grow from more to more?

The good in human relations, this spirit, actual and potential, that makes for mutual accord and good will; this blind, painful groping for the common weal—what will you do with it? Will you ignore it, or will you link up with it, help to build on it, allow it to sweep you on and up into genuine usefulness to the cause of a better humanity?

The good in the universe; this value making process at the heart of things; these inherent possibilities for good; this cosmic insistence upon beauty and order, against which the failures of our selfish strivings stand so tragically revealed—what will you do with it? Will you respond to its challenge? Will you dare to venture your life upon it?

We can allow gloom and pessimism to shroud our lives in inaction and failure. We can choose to give ourselves to self-indulgence, participation in the free-for-all fight for gain and profit and personal advantage. We can be content to flounder in the whirl of social fashion and to stagnate in the pools of complacency and in-

dolence. If so, we shall, without shadow of doubt, have our reward.

On the other hand, we can move out into the sunlight of the morning carrying the shield of expectation at our side, the sword of the spirit in our hand, and, like the knights of old but in a much more worthy cause, go forth to press for the good everywhere, in politics, society, in all human relationship, confident all the while that "all we have, hoped, or dreamed or thought of good shall exist."

THE ATTAINMENT OF HARMONY

If the latter be our choice, then whatever else we may fail to achieve, we shall be sure to achieve something of "the harmony that comes of the soul's activity with ideal aims that lie beyond personal satisfaction." We shall know something of that peace which the world cannot give and which comes only to him who loses his life in the service of the good, and who, in losing his life, finds it again.

J. L. and Barbara Hammond's "Life of Lord Shaftesbury," one of the great books of modern times, closes with these noble words:

> The devil with sad and sober sense on his gray face tells the rulers of the world that the misery which disfigures the life of great societies is beyond the reach of human remedy. A voice is raised in answer: a challenge in the name of the mercy of God, or the justice of nature, or the dignity of man. Shaftesbury was such a voice. To the law of indifference and drift, taught by philosophers and accepted by politicians, he offered the simple revelation of his Christian conscience. That was his service to England; not the service of a statesman with wide plan and commanding will, but the service of a prophet speaking truth to power in its selfishness and sloth. When silence falls on such a voice, some everlasting echo still haunts the world to break its sleep of habit or despair.

Such a voice ours may be, proclaiming the challenge of the good, and, when we are here no longer, "haunting the world to break its sleep of habit or despair." If so, it will be the echo not merely of a voice like that of Shaftesbury but of a voice which first spoke with such transcendent beauty and power by the shores of Galilee twenty centuries ago.

The Heart of God

The essential element in any religion is the character of its God. It is here that religions deeply differ from one another. We believe that God is Righteous Will, whom we must serve, not by ceremonial observances or even by contemplation and mystic absorption, but by the submission of our wills to his. Christ is for us the historic figure in whom the Eternal God is once for all revealed. Jesus Christ is more than one among many divinely inspired teachers: He is the heart of God. We make this claim for him, not chiefly in order to honor the historical Jesus; he sought no such honor. We make this claim for him because what is of vital consequence is the character of God.

It is not merely because he had a new conception of God that men find in him the Saviour; it is because they have found him to be himself the Eternal God.

The Jerusalem Conference.

Creative Education

By John J. Castleberry

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom! Proverbs 9:10.

WE LIVE in a bewildering age. Perplexities are on every side, and no prophet yet has pointed the way out. It is tragic beyond words, in this time of world travail, for one to tread timidly or to motive his life by other than the highest and best. I wish, therefore, to affirm my faith in education—Christian education—as the solvent of our difficulties and as providing determining impulse toward a new and better society. "The fear of the Lord," we are reminded, "is the beginning of wisdom."

What is education? Light, I think, is thrown on this question by looking at the word itself. The word education, coming from the Latin, means literally to educe, to lead out. Thus it signifies the unfolding of all the latent and potential qualities of personality to their fullest expression and power. In a word, it means the symmetrical development of the whole man—body, mind, and soul—and I might add, toward a social end.

There is a marked difference, let me say, between "education" and "learning." Learning is a matter of knowledge—accumulated and stored up information; education, on the other hand, involves a trained and disciplined mind. It is the ability to relate facts and draw conclusions plus broad human outreach and sympathies. Thus if Charles Sumner was the most erudite statesman of his day it can also be said that Abraham Lincoln was the best educated. Born in a frontier cabin the Great Emancipator was denied academic advantages; but by rigid application and self-discipline his mental powers unfolded, and he stood at last before his countrymen an educated man—perhaps the keenest and best rounded mind of his generation.

THREE IDEALS OF EDUCATION

There are three ideals of education in the popular thinking of our time. To some, it is purely decorative and ornamental. It sharpens the wits and embellishes the manners. It fits one to converse intelligently—perhaps even brilliantly—and thus to move with ease and grace in cultivated society. Only this and nothing more. To others, education is commercial and utilitarian. It has a certain market value, enabling one to command a bigger salary and earn a better living. That is to say, it is material, and looks wholly to outward satisfactions and rewards.

But over against these is a third and higher ideal of education; namely, the creative ideal. It looks beyond mere intellectual adornment, on the one hand, or worldly emolument, on the other; and it seeks with compelling urgency—and above everything else—moral and spiritual ends. This creative ideal of education is traceable back to Plato, wisest of the Greeks. "Education," said the great Athenian, "is to create a craving for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True; and the Good and the Beautiful are indistinguishable from the True."

Now it is our task to recapture this creative ideal of education—this ideal of the Greeks with its emphasis upon the spirit—and to build this ideal, purified and refined by Jesus Christ, into our total modern life: our art, our science, our literature, our industry and our government. The soul of education is the education of the soul; and if we fail in this spiritual culture our boasted civilization is doomed to inward decay, stranding at last on the shoals of a brilliant paganism. How truly therefore, President Faunce reminded us: The need of our country is not to lift marble to the fortieth story of some new office building, but to lift the level of character; not to whiten the seas with the sails of our commerce, but to develop those simple fidelities and homely virtues which are the chief defense of nations. When Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" he did more for civilization than if he had built any ocean liner or man-of-war. Thomas Stevenson did much for England when he built the lighthouses which send their radiance each night over the tossing waters of the Channel. But we owe far more to his son, Robert Louis Stevenson, because he taught us how to kindle a light within, how to keep the soul serene and steadfast in the face of pain and death. When Millet seized his brush and painted the "Angelus" on a bit of canvas that cost him three francs, he did more for labor and the laboring man than if he had seized a spade and worked for fifty years in the fields of France. Not the men who add to our quantity of materials, but the men who deepen the quality of our living, are the real benefactors and educators of the world.

It is obvious, then, that education—creative education—is not an end in itself. It is not simply a luxury to be enjoyed or a badge of distinction from the common herd. It is rather a means to the attainment of certain praiseworthy objectives; a ladder by which we rise to intellectual and moral achievement. Thus education imposes a tremendous obligation upon us. The world expects something—and it has a right to expect something constructive—from the educated man or woman. What is this obligation?

I. THE OBLIGATION TO SEE

"The greatest thing a man ever does in this world," said Ruskin, "is to see." Then he added, "To see clearly is poetry, philosophy and religion all in one." And a greater than Ruskin declared, "Where there is no vision the people perish." Surely our age is calling—and calling insistently—for seers.

For one thing, we must see through things. Most of us have occasional flashes of insight and vision; but how quickly these inspirations pass and we settle back again to our little world of contented mediocrity. Only the disciplined mind sees through things in all their aspects, relations and implications—sees through people and problems and shams—sees to the bottom of things. When Aristotle was asked how the educated man differs from the uneducated he answered, "As the living differs from the dead."

Again, we must see things through. It is not how we begin that counts, but how we end. Many of us are good starters, but poor finishers. We get away with ease and alacrity, but soon stick in the sand or perhaps stall on the first hill. The test of life is the test of endurance, of perseverance, of constancy. "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." It is a matter of seeing things through. "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God"—or for any other kingdom worth having.

Still again, we must see the invisible. The important thing about a book is not on the outside, but on the inside. Not what you see with your physical eyes, but discern with your spiritual eyes—the truth that surges through its pages, inspiring your attitudes and transforming your outlooks. Anybody can see the ugliness and deformities of the world, but we must open our eyes to the divine and eternal even in the commonplace objects of nature and of life. Moses saw God in the desert scrub. Jeremiah saw God in the blossoming almond tree. Wordsworth saw God in the little primrose, and said, "Thou hast become to me court of Deity." Jenny Lind saw God in mighty Niagara; and as she listened to its roar and looked upon its rising spray and circling rainbow she sank upon her knees and worshiped. Not to see the invisible is to lose our sense of perspective and true values—to become slaves of the material—and that inevitably leads to disillusionment and blighting moral cynicism. It clips the wings of faith; it hushes the song of hope and high aspiration; and at length it plunges the soul into spiritual eclipse and despair.

II. THE OBLIGATION TO THINK

It is the glory of man that he is a thinking being, and therefore subject to the cultural influence of education. As Pascal says, "Man is but a reed, the feeblest thing in nature; but he is a thinking reed. Were the universe to crush him he would still be greater than that which destroyed him, for he would be conscious of his calamity while the universe would know nothing of the advantage it possessed." How transcendent indeed are man's endowments! With his intellect he can penetrate the mysteries of nature and bring forth their hidden secrets. With his sensibilities he can run the whole gamut of feeling, from the lowest hate to the highest impulse of sacrificial love. And with his will he can call into requisition all the resources of the universe and make them his servants. Thus he touches the soil and there spring forth flowers and fruits. He speaks to the mountain and it yields up its treasures of silver and gold. He commands the lightning and forthwith his words flash around the world.

> What a piece of work is man!
> How infinite in reason, how noble in faculty;
> In form and moving how express and admirable;
> In apprehension how like an angel;
> In action how like a god;
> The beauty of the world,
> The paragon of animals!

No man, let me insist, attains his full stature until he has mastered in some worthy measure the art of thinking. And how the world needs this today! Our age is beset with many problems—grave and menacing problems—alike in church and civil state. There is the problem of war, the problem of racial antagonisms, the problem of class cleavages and clashes, and the problem of

social justice and righteousness, to mention only a few. And these problems must be solved by men who think—think straight, think critically, think independently, think imaginatively, think constructively. We hear a good deal these times about brains in government. Personally I have little fear of real brains anywhere. My only apprehension is a lack of brains, or the wrong use of brains.

III. THE OBLIGATION TO LIVE

Intelligence is not enough. Mere brilliancy of intellect, like "the icicle that hangs from Dian's temple," may attract and fascinate, but it serves no permanently useful end. Indeed nothing is more insidiously dangerous than for the mind to outdistance the spirit. It must

JOHN J. CASTLEBERRY

be harnessed to ethical purpose, and in the strength of God guided to higher consecrations and loyalties. It is well to know the right, but we must also love the right and live it. We not only need knowledge which is power, but wisdom which is control. Aaron Burr was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards. He possessed one of the most colossal minds that America has produced. Graduating from Princeton with one of the highest records for scholarship in the history of that institution, the world lay at his feet. He might have become another Washington or Hamilton or Jefferson. But he was a moral bankrupt, sacrificing friendship and country—and every golden trust—to personal and ignoble ambition. Little wonder Burr died an outcast—a fallen star, a broken and ruined man—the most pathetic and tragic figure in the annals of our beloved land. Educated, to be sure, but lacking in the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom.

Education is an adventure in living. We must lift our insights and rationalizations up to the high level of moral conviction, weaving them into a sound working philosophy of life—the good life; the beautiful life. True education, therefore, looks to character; strong and impregnable character; and this is the most lasting thing in life. Horace Greeley tells us: "Ambition is an ignis fatuus. Fame is a vaper and popularity vanishing. Those who cheer today will curse tomorrow. Riches take wings and fly. Only one thing abides—character."

Now the law of character building was enunciated by St. Paul, and it is sound to the core. "Whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, think on these things." Here is the integration of life around certain central, focusing principles; and as we give ourselves to these ideals that which is low, vicious and destructive loses its appeal, and is driven out, even as the dead branches and withered leaves of a winter forest are sloughed off when the sap of spring courses through the growing and budding trees.

IV. THE OBLIGATION TO SERVE

Here is where education comes to its highest social expression; to its full flowering and fruitage. It means capacity—increased capacity and power. It represents equipment and opportunity for helping others. If, as Mazzini tells us, "Life is a mission and every existence an aim," there is but one word that adequately defines this high pursuit, and that is the word "service." Jesus erected for all time the standard of life, and therefore of education, when he said, "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister"; and again, "Let him who would be greatest among you be your servant." Hence in complete self-abnegation he went about doing good, and his whole life was poured out as a libation in behalf of human happiness and betterment.

Those who have caught this spirit of our Master, and followed him closest, have been the pioneers and empire builders of civilization. I am thinking of such servants as Jane Addams, Madame Curie and Florence Nightingale; of Albert Schweitzer, Dr. Kagawa and Louis Pasteur—and a host of others, unknown and unsung, but whose names are written in the book of life. One afternoon in Paris some years ago I walked out to a certain little boulevard adjoining the Hotel des Invalides. At one end of that boulevard is the imposing tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, the warrior; at the other end stands the modest statue of Louis Pasteur, the bacteriologist. In this chiseled figure Pasteur is seated, while grouped about him are numerous forms of life—men, women and children; dogs, rabbits and chickens—all of them bearing the expression of quietness and peace. What contrast indeed! The tomb of the warrior, representing hate and blood and an impoverished continent; the statue of the scientist, symbolizing good will and understanding and a hand reached out to help humanity. Prophetic indeed of a new spirit in our world that when the question was submitted to a popular vote in France who among her illustrious sons was most entitled to enduring fame, the name of Louis Pasteur, the humanitarian and servant, led all the rest. Posterity, thank heaven, has a way of dealing justly with those who have forgotten themselves, and forgetting themselves have

thereby won the right to undying influence, which is true immortality.

I envy educated youth today. Surely you have come into a goodly heritage. It is yours to commune with the master spirits of all time, and the past pours lavishly its richest treasures into your life. Every philosopher that has thought, or prophet that has dreamed, or patriot that has died, it was for you.

Yes, but as children of privilege you are also confronted by a great and humbling responsibility. The world is in darkness and you must give it light. It is in bondage and you must give it freedom. It is in anguish and you must give it healing. It is in sin and you must give it salvation. Let others work for self or bow to the god of gold. Let others hear the siren call of ease or follow the phantom of fame. Let others seek after pleasure or sell their souls for power. It is for you —you have caught the vision of the Great Teacher—to bring your gift of culture and lay it at the feet of the world's deeper need. With the touch of death upon his brow William James said, "Here are my last words to you. Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact."

To see clearly, to think honestly, to live victoriously, and to serve unselfishly: there are the obligations of true Christian culture. They are the steps to life's summit of self-realization and usefulness—the altar stairs that lead up to God.

Christ the Perfect Revelation of God

By Christian F. Reisner

WE ARE prone to use unnatural and high sounding words in prayer and as a result get less results. Genesis enforces the fact that man was created so that he could have contact with God. Even in early Old Testament days men saw and talked with him. Jesus' main mission was to create a natural fellowship. He emphasized again and again the fact that perfection or wholeness (the word from which holiness came) was not necessary to come into his presence and secure help. Mary Magdalene was welcomed when repentant. The Syro-Phoenician woman, supposedly a barbarian, found access in her humility. Sinful Peter even went to the transfiguration mount with him. Jesus beckons all of us. And, when we come as a little child, we find that he is revealing God, the manward side, and "virtue" flows from him into us.

The old-fashioned conversion which actually changed the habits and aims of individuals is now rare. The church does not pulsate with the life of God as she should since she is called his body. The church is too frequently treated with complacency, if not with contempt. Thus, we lose the consciousness of his presence even though the promise of being "in the midst" of worshipers is very exact.

Rufus M. Jones says: "At its best and truest, however, worship seems to me to be the direct, vital, joyous, personal experience and practice of the presence of God."

I

Imagination gets results by recognizing Jesus as more than a man.

Dr. Cadman's strong statement is: "The parables furthermore bear witness to Jesus as at once God's poem and poet: the designed Image of the otherwise unknown Deity."

Albert Edward Day, in his Yale Lectures for 1934, writes that as he left home to deliver the lectures, a fellow pastor urged him not to "shy away from the deity of Jesus." He concludes: "I have not used that phrase at any time during this series and I cannot. It has so many confusing connotations. The Eternal God was not and cannot be completely localized in any human figure. He is revealed everywhere as he is present everywhere throughout the Universe, sometimes struggling with temporarily triumphant evil, sometimes appearing in triumphant good. But, to me his supreme revelation came in Jesus of Nazareth." Such a statement should satisfy and help the devout spirit seeking contact with God.

Johnson, in "The Religious Use of the Imagination," insists that the Christian's "adoring imagination" will get an impression of Christ's reality in proportion to the estimate of Christ's perfection. "So soon as detraction of Christ begins, his form becomes shadowy and the story of his life appears unveracious." But, when he is exalted, "imagination readily follows his steps and even reads the secrets of his breast." Major R. W. Schroeder during an ascent of 28,900 feet in an airplane was disturbed because the rarefied air put the earth to one side instead of beneath him. The sun above was also dim and he could not hear his motor run. When, however, he took oxygen everything righted itself. Life becomes equally distorted. We constantly need an infusion of heavenly oxygen found in the presence of Christ who is made real in purposeful devotional periods.

A little child asked in succession her teacher, her mother and her father the question, "What is God like?" She was greatly distressed because none of them could give an answer. She rightfully declared: "If I had been so long a follower of God, I would have found out what he is like." It is a sad fact that to many he is only a blurred name with no power to awaken love and sustain moral strength.

When we really desire to see God, it will be possible to gather undeniable facts and stirring experiences which, when put together, will give a soul-filling image of a uniquely divine Christ. For that reason Shailer Mathews advises: "The real contribution of Jesus to the idea of God will be found in the church's use of his person rather than his teachings." Edward Scribner Ames began a pulpit prayer: "O God, teach us to think of Thee in ways that will help us pray." That is an ideal petition for it makes fellowship with him in a public service real and natural. Jesus came for that purpose; his supreme aim is to show us God. We meet only discouraging defeat if our unaided will has no help as we follow him and try to imitate his example. He is more than an "example" or else he merely irritates us with an impossible ideal.

II

Jesus has been identified as a perfect revelation of God from the beginning.

The shallow thinker is prone to explain a vision of Christ as the unsupported figment of a mere fancy which has become confused with sane products of the imagination. Andrew answers this from his own experience: "The inward certainty of the spiritual presence of Christ in my own life cannot possibly be put down solely to imagination, for it has gone deeper into character itself and changed my whole nature. Without it I should be a different person today. It has also become entirely free from any appeal to the outward and visible. It is

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such a moral certainty that it has become as it were, the bedrock on which my whole spiritual life has been built up." The Master could not make a more positive statement concerning his certain identity with God than "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." It was spoken when Jesus was preparing to leave his disciples for the last time and go to his death.

The Master used the miracles as proof of his unique divinity. He said, "The deeds I do in the name of my Father testify to me." A miracle is not unnatural but it demonstrates the ability to bring in a higher law before the world has received it or can command it. Jesus did that constantly in all kinds of ways to benefit humanity.

Paul stressed the resurrection as a demonstration of power never before known in the history of the world. It was, therefore, with great confidence that he declared to the Corinthians: "It is no weak Christ you have to do with, but a Christ of power."

Jesus is a very real person, well authenticated in history. We do not follow a fictional character, but a person who left his footprints on the pathways of time. Dr. Fosdick's clear mind puts it: "The gist of what the church has meant by the divinity of Jesus lies in the idea that, if God is to be symbolized by personal life, he should be symbolized by the best personal life we know. The interpretation of the spiritual world in terms of personality and the interpretation of personality in terms of Christ—that is in brief the summary of Christian theology."

Borden P. Bowne was one of America's greatest philosophers who at the same time enjoyed and nourished a clear consciousness of contact with God. In his "Studies in Christianity," he writes: "For Paul at least, and for the early Christians also, our Lord's existence did not begin in Judea or in the stable at Bethlehem." Again "the power is gone if we are dealing with Jesus, the carpenter's son; for the power depends not on the words and deeds themselves, but on him who said and did them." Again: "There was a still higher thought, and Christianity dared to think it. It was that God himself should come into humanity for his supreme self-manifestation and for the redemption of men." William Newton Clarke, a reliable theologian of a former generation, wrote: "Jesus was no second God to them: they felt that to pray to him was not different from praying to the God of their fathers."

Herbert H. Wernecke exhaustively studied the word "faith" in the New Testament in a book thus named. He writes: "Trustful 'faith' does not appear in the Old Testament because it cannot be directed to a clearly defined personal God as in the New Testament where the word is constantly employed. 'Faith' in Jesus seems to be directed to him as a miracle worker and thus to form the foundation for real faith. He is depicted as the author of faith. Hence, in the book of John, the noun 'faith' never appears though the verb 'believe' appears one hundred times. The disciples merely said to seekers, 'come and see.' But when Jesus disappeared from the material sight, then the disciples had to establish the fact of his historical life on earth and his resurrection from the dead, and help believers to make a picture of him with their imagination so that faith would grow as it attached itself to the risen Lord. Faith is a distinctive word with Paul and Peter, but it always attains its ultimate goal when it reaches the person of Christ." These thoughtful comments help us to see that Jesus as the perfect revelation of God is indispensable for faith.

Robert Speer demonstrated divine support when his gifted son was so cruelly murdered at Northfield by an undiscovered assassin. After meeting life's varied experiences, he testifies: "During more than forty-three years of incessant struggle, journeying to and fro throughout the world, I have never lost the assurance of Christ's living presence with me. He is not a mere vision: He is no imaginative dream, but a living Presence, who daily inspires me and gives me grace. In him, quite consciously, I find strength in time of need. In all that followed my conversion, Christ and God became one single thought of God in human ways, I could not think of God apart from Christ or Christ apart from God."

III

Open-minded investigators identify Jesus as the perfect revelation of God.

Simeon and Anna, who were the first ripe minds to acclaim Jesus unreservedly in a glad and free way, have been followed by multiplied millions. None can look upon him with an unprejudiced and open mind without worshiping him as did Thomas when he cried "My Lord, and my God." When an inventor studies the separate items which he believes can be formed into a useful whole, he arranges them in his imagination and then commits them to "drawings." If the "drawings" show that the various parts fit together to make a workable whole he shouts with triumphant delight. When Pasteur finally demonstrated that the combination of certain elements created an antitoxin which was able to cure the deadly poison of a mad-dog bite, his exultation was boundless. All the promises of the Old Testament, all the varied hungers of our hearts, all the vague outreachings of various religions are completely satisfied in the rich and winsome personality of Jesus of Nazareth, and hence we too have the right to shout.

Henry Sloane Coffin remarks in a sermon: "Jesus is for us the unveiling of a completely human life of the God whom he and we adore." The rich society woman as she describes herself in "I Follow the Road" surrounded by life's pleasures and yet disturbed and unsettled by a certain lack, which she could not define, found satisfaction and joy in "Christ's mysterious, but actual presence." Paul positively affirms, "Have I not seen Jesus Christ, our Lord?" This he claimed was the seal of his discipleship and the certification of his authority as a teacher.

R. W. Dale in, "Christ and the Four Gospels," recounts the visit of a scholarly Japanese, who had become a Christian, and described his conversion of Christ from a pagan background. The Japanese explained: "I studied Confucianism seriously but found no satisfaction. One day a Japanese convert gave me a Chinese Bible and tactfully asked me to read it as an example of splendid translation. I did so and finally came to the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which ended with 'now abideth faith, hope and charity.'" Arrested by the nobility of these words he affirmed that he had never heard or dreamed of so rich a morality, and concluded that the author could have received it only from God. Then he read the Gospel of John and the words of Jesus were "the words of God." He could not refuse him "faith" and thus he became a disciple. Dr. Dale concludes: "The vision of the glory that came to him while reading John's account of our Lord's life and teaching with a vision from another and diviner world and he fell at the feet of Christ exclaiming, 'My Lord and My God.' Faith was created by the clear vision of the divine glory in Christ."

Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian author and artist, painted a striking profile picture of Jesus in 1928. In explaining it he said: "Last night I saw his face again, clearer than I have ever seen it. . . . It was at once serene and stern. . . . It was the face of a Lover and a Brother and a Friend. His hair was blown back from his face, and like unto small shining wings each side of his head. His throat was brown and strong; his eyes were like dark embers. . . . His head was high and upon his countenance I beheld a vast purpose and a silent yearning." In displaying the completed picture, Gibran said: "This is his portrait. I have seen him three times."

Leslie D. Weatherhead, a brilliant Wesleyan preacher, is also a skilled psychologist and has had great success in healing people. He recounts a rather extreme case. Muriel H., a twenty year old girl, came in with a cane and supported by a woman employer. Dr. Weatherhead before hypnotizing her told her to dream that Jesus was standing by her side. After she had shaken off the hypnosis she declared with a radiant face: "I have seen Jesus. He touched my limbs and I will get well." She arose unaided and walked across the room. Answering various natural explanations Dr. Weatherhead affirms: "It is not impossible through hypnosis to 'open a door' in the mind of the patient through which the Divine Friend who is ever near us all could pass into the inner sanctuary of the patient's life."

IV

Jesus' words and works prove his divinity.

We can confidently affirm with Paul that Christ is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." He transforms individuals, communities and nations, and reorganizes and mends broken people.

The great scientist, Michael Pupin, declared that the spiritual power of God is as real in the universe as the power of electricity, and no one can become masterful and progressive in the moral field without having this power. Our personalities are not submerged, but his power develops native gifts.

The late Bishop Quayle had a marvelous sermon on the text, "And the word was made flesh." He stressed the fact that no word has meaning until it is put into flesh. Love, kindness, hate, bitterness—every single word one thinks of is immediately attached to an incarnation. Christ so affects us that the words for the finest virtues are gradually put into flesh as the inner life of the tree expresses itself in flower and fruit.

The News-Week recently carried the story of Redfern Mason, for twenty years a newspaper musical critic, who became a candidate for mayor of San Francisco. He was born in England and in 1890 worked on the Birmingham Gazette. With hundreds of others, he crowded in to see the remains of the great Cardinal Newman. "One glance at the serene spiritual beauty of the immobile face converted Mason from an avowed agnostic to a devout Catholic." Is it any wonder that Paul wrote to the Corinthians "You are my certificate . . . recognized and read by all men"?

Dr. Fosdick stresses the same truth: "You remember Marcus Aurelius saying that our lives are dyed the color of our imagination. That is to say, the good life is not simply blowing on one's hand and doing one's duty; the quality of life comes from the deep fountains of the imagination and the color of life is determined by the tincture of our thoughts."

An aged saint, long faithful in the church, wrote me that he had lost his sight and his hearing and was in desperate poverty. After I had helped him, he wrote me that when he was married he secured a picture of Jesus.

which was placed at the foot of the bed and remained there ever since. Now, though he is blind, he still sees it with his imagination and is greatly comforted.

We may see various aspects of Jesus and combine them to make a total impression, as the artist Turner did by seeing many sunsets and then producing a picture which contained all the memorable effects of the various sunsets he beheld. Even artists may pay a price to follow their profession effectively. Turner desired to paint a realistic picture of a storm. He therefore threw himself into the teeth of a real sea cataclysm. He was roped fast to the mast of a yacht where the wind and lashing waves would strike full upon him. The yacht itself almost foundered and he came out lacerated and worn but he had experienced a storm. Someone suggested to Anton Lang, who takes the part of Christ in the Passion Play, that the cross he carried might be lightened. He replied: "No, I cannot play the part unless I too carry the weight he did."

V

Imagination is supernaturally augmented when Jesus is accorded his rightful place.

If Jesus was not a unique revelation of God, then we have no more concrete picture of God than has any other religion. Hence, his unique attractiveness is lost. No other religion boldly affirms that God actually revealed himself as an earth-dwelling human. Some minds cannot grasp the idea of an invisible God; such folks are greatly helped by comprehending a manward expression in the historical Christ. Unless God is as personal as we are, then it is impossible genuinely to worship him or hope to come into contact with him. The biggest thing we know is personality. Man has so increased the reach of personality's power and the variety of its achievements in recent years that it is possible to imagine Jesus as a personality lifted until he is infinite. That fits the Christian conception of Christ. Dr. Speer tells about a rabbi, Solomon D. Freehoff, of Chicago, who admits: "The consciousness of the presence of God has come to millions of men and women through Jesus. Time has not faded the vividness of his image. He is still the living comrade of countless lives. No Moslem ever sings 'Mohammed, Lover of My Soul,' nor does any Jew say of Moses, the Teacher, 'I Need Thee Every Hour.' He brought God near to men through his presence."

The multiplication of long technical phrases freezes the heart, mystifies and muddles the brain and gives no peace to the soul, but when we hear Jesus confidently say: "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," we recognize a voice of authority and following it, find contentment as real as that which the babe finds in her mother's arms. Our total self is nourished and harmonized by the love and leadership of the ever-living Christ, the Son of God.

Jesus was not humanly divine, but he was divinely human: not divinely humanized but a Godward-bent human soul. It is no mean joy and no ignoble pride in us of the House of Israel to recognize, to honor and to cherish among our brothers—Jesus the Jew.

Stephen S. Wise.

The Gospel of Inspired Action

By Joseph Martin Dawson

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint. Isaiah 40:31.

We of the modern West are apt to receive the ancient prophet's pronouncement with some question. Is strong and sustained action inspired by patient waiting, even upon the Lord? Our present ideal of action seems to forbid the meditative mind. We discount quietude and contemplation as being empty, impractical, or simply outdated. We look with ill-concealed contempt upon a holy man of the East sitting cross-legged in meditation, because the posture suggests vacuity or uselessness. We are in love with action. It lends itself to high adventure, to the mastery of nature, to acquisition of wealth and to domination over social groups. "Take Time To Be Holy" is not a popular hymn with us. We like rather the stirring notes of "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus."

Yet, confident though we may be as to the superiority of our activism over the religion of waiting, there can be no doubt that we have often suffered the loss of vision. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," complained Emerson. If we are like beasts of burden, ridden by things, then we are held to a lowness that robs us of the first essential of religion which is vision. And where there is no vision the people perish. The prophet declares that those that wait upon the Lord shall mount up on wings as eagles, to that elevation of soul which alone can assure vision. Certainly none of the great religions ever got its start without the vision which came from long waiting—not Buddha's, not Mohammed's, not that of Moses, not that supreme faith which we accept from Jesus. Nor is the disciple above his master. How can a vital religion, a religion which inspires great action, even survive without the seasons of waiting, much less move onward with the tremendous dynamic requisite to overcoming the world?

Loss of Freshness and Power

Another loss sustained by those who neglect to wait is freshness. All their running to and fro induces weariness. Jaded by constant activity, the heart remains drearily restless. The hypertension at which we live shortens life, as medical statistics will definitely show. It is said that at the center of the whirlwind is calm. In the midst of the whirl of our constant activities is there no place of peace? The prophet asserted that there may be; and it may be added, it has been found in our time by many.

Only today have I learned of the owner of a chemical factory in a small town, just outside one of the world's greatest cities, who has found it. His entire organization, equipment, advertising methods, and products are among the latest and best. He is reputed to treat his workers on the basis of the Golden Rule. "There is

nothing in reason that he will not do for them," says my informant, "and logically there is nothing in reason they will not do for him." What is the secret of this happy condition? It is, the owner thinks, in the fact that every night before retiring, after the dust and effort of the day, he goes off to a quiet corner of his house and devotes a tranquil half hour to mental quiet, finding in it a sublime peace, and liberation for his spirit amid all the mechanization of the next day.

A still greater loss suffered by those who refuse to wait is that of power. Faintness is what they experience when they must get down to walking, to meeting the real tests of life. Wait, said Jesus, for power. Before setting out on the great task, the transformation of society, the church must wait in a season of prayer and vision. Before the locomotive can pull the long train, it must be fueled and brought under steam. It is even more important for men than for machines to fuel and develop power within. In fact, we know more about horsepower than we do about manpower. We must, in Emerson's phrase, learn to "live from a great depth of being." Shallowness and feebleness inevitably result from hasty, disquieted effort, whatever its earnestness. The ancient prophet declared that a far more significant kind of achievement could be realized from the action which is inspired by waiting upon the Lord.

Now we are challenged to inquire into this claim. Just what is it? Is it something so mystical that it is beyond us who are caught in the grind of ordinary duties in commonplace situations, or is it really practical?

WAITING AND CREATIVE ACTION

First, the claim is made that such waiting will give inspiration to creative action, an inspiration which may be likened to mounting up on wings as eagles. Let it be admitted that the ability to rise above the ordinary, above the mediocre, to creative leadership does not come to many. Those fortunate few who possess this ability are called geniuses. But how do men become geniuses and when does genius attain its height? It was William Lyon Phelps, I believe, who said: "There is no great art without serenity."

Is there anything really great without it? Lord Leverhulme, head of one of the largest industrial organizations in the world, says: "My ability to relax anywhere and put myself in a serene state of revery in the midst of the most gigantic tasks has been the power given me to see into them and through them." Sir J. Arthur Thompson, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, testifies to the same benefit: "I have been able to solve the most intricate scientific problems when I have emptied the mind of clamorous concerns and let it remain quiet and still for a time." Long ago one said: "Be still and know that I am God." Translated into the language of life that means that the divine gift of creative power descends upon men in the quiet seasons of the soul. This waiting is not the bogus thing of escape from life, a shirking of responsibility; it is not a slothful spirit in the business of life which refuses to serve the Lord. But this waiting is as essential to great action as are sleep and food to a strong man. It gave the creative power which came to Moses after forty years at the back side of the desert. It bestowed something of the creative power which came to Paul after three years in Arabia. It is not likely to come to any other apart from some such waiting.

Again, it is claimed by the prophet that this waiting gives inspiration to emergency action. There come crises to all of us when swift, sure action is required. The soul that has waited for renewal of strength has reserves against the crucial times of need. Men with reserves of this kind are able to run, and to run with confidence and exhilaration instead of the weariness which comes from near exhaustion.

For example, a man is called to assume some difficult

Joseph Martin Dawson

task in the crisis of an enterprise. Eager to succeed, he attacks the task with a superburst of energy. Suddenly he cracks. Broken in nerves and despairing in failure, he seeks a retreat. There in some relaxed moment, when he lowers the rhythm of breathing below the accustomed rate, closes his eyes and begins to think on the power and wisdom and love of God, all ready to be exercised in his behalf, he experiences a healing power and a sense of mastery. After a time he is able to return to his task and with a strange new sense of power to achieve a real success. That is typical of what has happened to men and women everywhere who have learned how to run and not be weary.

INSPIRATION FOR THE DAILY ROUTINE

But the inspiration that is most needed by a majority of men and women, probably most needed by all, is inspiration for everyday action in the common, unromantic duties of life. This, according to the prophet, may be described as the power to plod on, to walk and

not grow faint. How sorely do we need inspiration for our prosaic daily routine, to enable us to bear up under the pressures of burdens which steadily pull us down. Most of us are good at short suffering but very poor at long suffering. Nearly any one of us can perform some feat, sometimes a really wonderful feat, such as flying high or running swiftly, but we lose our nerve when forced to lowly walking in the long road. Can we get inspiration to walk—just to walk?

Here is how a man and woman of my acquaintance found this surpassing inspiration. Many years ago I knew them in their little village home. They were not ten-talented folk; they had no large opportunity. They confronted numerous demands upon their energy. Life might have been very hard for them, except that they began each day's unremitting toil in the consciousness of a Companionship which shared their lot with them. This consciousness came to them in the morning watch, when they read the Bible together, prayed in their simple way, and then rose from their reverent waiting to begin their driving, repetitious day. Or it came in keeping Sunday holy, a sacred day of rest and worship. That was thirty years ago, and they passed from my sight. Then after the long years I saw them again in their little village home. Three children had been reared and inducted into useful vocations, each fairly well educated, and imbued with principles of honorable living. The middle-aged couple faithfully continued in their places in the church, except for some modest promotion he carried on his business in much the same way as in the old days, and she could be heard singing as she went about her work in the home. As I beheld that scene, I felt sure that if I should see them again after thirty years more, I should find them steadfast, uncomplaining, unmovable, always abounding in strength as they pursue the work of life. Could any kind of success excel that?

THE WAY TO SUSTAINED SERVICE

Life's greatest problem, let it be reasserted, is to find power for sustained service. When Jesus began his ministry in Galilee thousands followed him. He started hopefully in the synagogues, but soon the proud, cultured, self-interested ruler of them turned away from him and induced their privileged members to do so. Next he gave himself to the common people, who heard him gladly and followed him for the loaves and the fishes, but forsook him when criticism rose to persecution. At length he withdrew with his little disciple band, and even they wavered. "Will ye also go away?" he asked, with a plaintiveness that is heartbreaking to us who read of it in this distant day. Finally, when all men except his disciples had forsaken him, in the gloom of the night, that last night of farewell before the crucifixion, he said to them: "Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations; and I appoint unto you, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom; and ye shall sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." They alone had met the test, yet not even all of them, for Peter denied him and Judas betrayed him, and only John next day was to stand by him at the cross. I have often tried to visualize the face of Jesus as he spoke those words in appreciation of their power to see it through, and added his glowing promise in recognition of such merit! How his voice must have quavered with love for the men who had not only started well, but continually waited upon him, renewed their strength and so kept on and on with him through all his trials! To them he would accord ineffable coronation in the ultimate glory. Instinctively we enter into his profound emotions, for we strongly feel that it is only the sustained life of continued service at last that is entitled to the crown which symbolizes incomparable power and mastery and immortality.

"How Surprising of God....!"

By C. Marshall Muir

"They were all astonished at the majesty of God." Luke 9:43.

THAT God hovers somewhere around secluded temples, a unique book, a priestly class and a special day is one of the commonplaces of popular religion. Man is an habitual departmentalizer. And there is no departmentalizing he does more frequently than when he separates life into the sacred and the secular. How common it is to find people partitioning off huge areas of life where God is left out! Such areas they call secular. Other portions of life, entirely divorced from the secular, they consider as permeated in a special way with the presence of God. Such portions they call sacred.

In his new philosophy of art, John Dewey laments the fact that present-day art has become separated from life, a thing of museums and collections. Let us today frankly face the disturbing fact that our generation has crowded the affairs of religion into such a narrow, little sacred groove that God, like art, has been forced away from our common experience into museum-like seclusions in churches. The vitality, surprise and exhiliration of religion are gone. Even professing Christians are well content with the dull convention that God is placidly present only in the special paraphernalia of religion. Let religion become a thing of special times, places and seasons and it speedily goes into the attic of cast-off things.

It will help us if we realize that this popular notion that God is confined to special places and rituals was current in Jesus' day. He was well acquainted with that idea. Even Peter, James and John shared it. Close as they had been to the Master, they nevertheless thought of God as being present only in shrines erected to him. Consider the incident of the transfiguration. Jesus had taken the three disciples with him to the mountain-top. There in the presence of God he would make the decision of his life. Should he go to Jerusalem and certain death? Or was there some easier way? While Jesus prayed "the fashion of his countenance was altered and his raiment became white and dazzling." God has a way of becoming incandescent when we share the crises of life with him.

To Peter and James and John the experience was un-

mistakable. God was there. Had they not seen the change in Jesus as his lips moved in prayer? In the light of what they knew about religion but one thing would do. A temple or shrine must be built to house the presence of God they had found in that place. More sacred than the mountain or the plain below, it would indeed be the house of God, for he would dwell there. Voicing the thoughts of the three, Peter cried, "Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah!" Peter's enthusiasm dictated three shrines, not one. Yet, according to the gospels, Jesus met the disciples' plan with silence. At all events, nothing was ever done about it. It is significant that another generation of Christians, which saw Jesus' religion in better perspective and which wrote the gospels, added this pertinent editorial notation to Peter's blundering request: "He knew not what he said."

MEETING A HUMAN NEED

Now follow Jesus and the three down the mountainside. They were met by a great multitude. In the surging mob was a father whose son, according to the prescientific notions of the day, was possessed of a spirit which "taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth, and it hardly departeth from him, bruising him sorely." Even as Jesus drew near to the lad, we are told, "the demon dashed him down, and tare him sorely." In his own inimitable way, a way psychology is helping us to understand, Jesus healed the boy. Sick mind and personality responded to the hypnotism of the radiant personality of the Master of spiritual therapeutics.

Then a strange thing happened.

Remember that down in the valley, among the surging multitude, not a soul had said a word about God. What was done occurred in the open air. There were no shrines, none of the special rituals of religion. And, as I have said, the common people thought of God as being associated only with such things. Here, however, was a pathetic human need. At the focus of attention was an all-too-human situation. And in the heart of this human situation, meeting a human need, was Jesus reconstructing a life. That was all. Nevertheless, look at the record. Note what happened. All of the people were suddenly astonished at the majesty of God. In the midst of what we usually call a secular situation, God suddenly astonished the people with his presence. How surprising of God to do a thing like that!

GOOD TIDINGS FOR THE POOR

That is the oft recurring surprise of the religion of Jesus. To be sure, Jesus frequented the special places of religion. He went to the synagogue, "as his custom was," we are told, and no doubt received great benefit from the services. Once he entered the outer temple area and drove out its thieving money-changers. Upon another occasion, instead of taking part in the worship he watched the people, rich and poor, casting their money into the treasury. The only other recorded time Jesus was in the synagogue was when he stood up and delivered his declaration of what he thought religion to be—good tidings for the poor, release to the captives, recovery of sight for the blind, and liberty for those that are bruised. Undoubtedly, Jesus found God in the synagogues and the temple and rejoiced in the experience. Nevertheless, if we are to accept the gospels, Jesus found him most frequently in the highways and byways of life. Read the gospels and you will see that day after day wherever he felt the pull of human need and then, in answer to that need, reconstructed human life, he found God. Chance roadside meetings with blundering, broken people usually brought God so close to him that before leaving the group he must perforce speak of his heavenly Father. A conversation with a harlot at a roadside well led him to confide to his disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Those who gave him a sympathetic ear and heard him speak to the deepest need of the human soul, as a result nearly always thought of God. When he healed lives broken by suffering and chained by sin, both the patient and the people who saw reacted with astonishment at the majesty of God. And when, not after frequenting the shrines of Galilee, but after healing people and teaching them the way of God "where cross the crowded ways of life," he asked his disciples who he was, Peter, speaking for many, said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

In like manner, generations of men and women following him in spirit have been constantly surprised by God's majestic presence and companionship whenever they have given themselves to re-creating human life. In human life God surprises us whenever the deeds of God are done.

SECULAR AND SACRED

"How surprising of God to appear in the midst of the sweat and toil and blood of human life, far from the things we call religious!" I can hear someone saying that. Not at all! What is your conception of God? Is he some unknown, distant potentate, dwelling apart from our dusty ways in awful majesty? Is he to be approached only in special places by a fawning court etiquette? Or is he a compassionate, struggling God, putting every ounce of his energy and love into human life to draw people up to the sort of life Jesus lived? In that case, he can do nothing without our cooperation. "God has no hands but our hands to do his work today." If that is true, do you not see? Those who make themselves the mind and heart and hands of God in reconstructing men and women find themselves the companions of God in the very midst of life. He is where they are, because they are working with him, observing his creative laws of health, ethics and personality to fulfill his purposes. Far from being a surprise that is the most logical thing in the world.

But again, someone says, "How surprising of God to astonish people with his presence in the secular areas of life! What will happen to the churches then? Will not such religion do away with our religious institutions?" Well, it will do away with some of them. Not long ago I was asked to address a missionary conference in one of the historic churches of western Pennsylvania. That I might hear what was said during an open forum, I went ahead of the time scheduled for my part on the program. During the forum many questions were asked

and answered, but every question might have been boiled down to this one: How can our organization save itself? I say that every religious group or institution that is concerned with huddling God to its own particular bosom and gathering unto itself a select company merely for the sake of its own survival, will go down before this religion of Jesus that finds God in the midst of life. From what was said one could tell that many of the groups represented in the forum were already half dead. Self-survival as the chief concern was doing its deadly work. Those groups and their discouraged representatives seemed to have forgotten that Jesus was phrasing a basic law of ethical survival when he said, "Whoever would save his life shall lose it!"

Now Jesus' corollary to this same law gives a charter

C. Marshall Muir

of survival to other groups and churches to go on from strength to strength. "Whosoever shall lose his life—shall find it." Just so! If the congregations which hug their God to themselves within the four walls of their churches in the end fail to survive, it is no less true that those losing themselves in the world by doing God's work of salvaging human life will live. The reason is not far to seek. The religious life-principle is at the core of their life and activity. The law of Christian survival is on their side.

Churches, then, which wish to survive will have to change their entire outlook. Until recent times Protestant emphasis has been the church-centered one of finding God in worship, in prayer, in church activity and in the personal salvation of individuals. Protestants have frowned upon what they have considered as the Roman Catholic distribution of God through the sacraments. They have failed to see, however, that in the last analysis their own ideology has been much the same. The major emphasis in the Protestant churches has been to dispense God within a church building, not, it is true, through the sacraments but by insisting that people can find God only through accepting the formulas of the Protestant church and conforming to its emotional patterns.

On the other hand, the church that is to survive today's kingdom of evil must change its focus of the revelation of God from within the church to the places where the deeds of God are done out in the midst of life. It will no longer consider the sacred as a rather vacuous abstraction from the secular, but will make the secular sacramental. Its religious education will be changed from a training for churchmanship to a training for Christian citizenship in the world. Its worship will become far more vital than it now is for comfortable, self-satisfied congregations, for it will become the celebration of the finding of God out at the cutting edge of life, on the paths "where hide the lures of greed." Its prayers will be transformed. Instead of "Save me, save me, O Lord," I can hear something like this: "We thank thee, O God of Jesus Christ, for the thrilling experience of working with thee in creating a more Christ-like life for the men and women of our community and the world. We rejoice that in thus losing ourselves to bear the cross of our community's pain and shame we have at last found ourselves, and thee." The hymns of the church which survives will be different. The weak, introspective hymns ponderously dirging their concern for "I," "me" and "mine" will change into hymns celebrating the joy of finding God in deeds done for "you" and "others."

THE CHURCH AND TODAY'S LIFE

Moreover, the program of such a church will be far different from what it has been in the past. Instead of putting its own needs at the center of its thinking, that church will concentrate upon the ethical needs of the men, women and children in its community, just as Jesus gave his thought and action to the needs of the epileptic boy. It will ask itself, "Where and how does the life of the people in this community need reconstruction toward Jesus' way of life? How can we set ourselves to accomplish that?"

Let a church do that, building its program to meet those needs and God will surprise it with his potent presence in the midst of its struggle. Some churches will never know such an experience but some of us know churches that do. I have in mind a certain church whose worship is vibrant with the presence of God. Why? Well, a study of its program reveals that it is losing itself for Christ's sake in its community. It has studied that community's needs and concentrating every effort to meet those needs. Every day groups meet in that church, not for the sake of their own survival, but for providing activity and thought of every sort that might aid individuals in finding God out in the world wherever they reconstruct life in the name of Jesus. During the week God surprises the members of this congregation amid the stress and strain of Christian effort. On Sundays they congregate for worship to celebrate that experience. Let a church once conceive of its mission in some such fashion and it will not die; it will be transformed. It will be "astonished at the majesty of God."

Moreover, I hear another word of criticism. "How surprising of God to appear apart from things religious! Is not that a new kind of religion?" Of course it is! It is as new as the religion of Jesus, which is another way of saying that we have scarcely tried Jesus' religion. His kind of religion is a different kind. The old, familiar way of getting a religious hand-out every Sunday is much easier.

And much duller! Can you not see how exciting Jesus' religion of making the secular sacred can be? Only thus can we explain the tremendous excitement attending Jesus' appearances. Men and women were surprised by God in situations and relationships where they had not thought they would find him. How much we need the surprise and vitality of such a religion today! To make life bearable under the downward, flattening pressure of our machines, many people are seeking all sorts of cheap excitements. How much better it would be if they would seek the creative surprises and thrills Jesus' religion of life reconstruction always brings those who practice it!

EDUCATION AND RECONSTRUCTION

For example, here is education. Hundreds of people, particularly in the university district served by Bellefield Church, are daily engaged in teaching. Has it ever occurred to you teachers that your teaching can, and ought to be, instinct with religion? Such is the case. Let a teacher come to think of his task as a cooperative enterprise with God for the reconstruction of life. Set your whole educational program to reconstruct the life of youth to live together in mutually helpful ways in the school society and later to live in the same way in the Great Society. And, perchance, as you thus painstakingly reconstruct the plastic life of youth God will surprise you in the classroom.

Or again, take politics, more ideally known as the science of statecraft. It is an indication of the deplorable plight of American politics that most people think of politics as the last place where God might be found. Motives of self-aggrandizement and power-lust have led us to see politicians as the high priests of a pagan domain. Nevertheless, some of us are convinced that a politician can change his motive to the higher one of reconstructing our group life to give people the fullest opportunity for creative personality development. Let him do that and he will find his daily undertakings suffused with religion. God is never very far from the man who loses his life in such a cause. Under such circumstances it is possible for even a politician to be surprised by God.

And, as a final example of what is within the realm of possibility in every phase of human activity, take our economic relationships. It has been said that business and religion do not mix. They never will so long as men make their own selfish advantage their only business motive. For years we have gone along on the assumption that the profit motive is the only possible one for business. Now I would not be so foolish as to assume that I am an economic expert competent to judge the complexities of the production and consumption of goods, services and wealth. I do not offer any panacea for economic reconstruction. But I do say that those who make profits and greed their sole aim in business will never be surprised by the majesty of God in the midst of their labors.

GOD IN BUSINESS LIFE

It is possible, however, to be astonished by the presence and the power of God even in the midst of our business and industrial life. A change of underlying motive would do it. In the last analysis any successful economic organization must depend upon human beings and their needs. Our problem today is not so much an economic as a human problem. Any permanent and effective care of our present economic ills must take account, as Jesus took account, of our human needs, be they physical or spiritual. And that motive, as I see it and as Jesus saw it, can be no less than the intelligent, sympathetic reconstruction of life. In other words, those in business must needs set themselves to make their capital and their labor effective as a service for mankind's needs and not as a mutual exploitation for the sake of profits and power. They will make the machinery of production and distribution a means for creating the highest possible good for all. Under such a motive money becomes, not the end of all human endeavor, but an instrument serving life's highest hopes. I venture to say that such a doctrine in these days when the purchasing power of the masses has dropped to the vanishing point may even be good business. I am certain it is sound Christianity. Let business which has not mixed well with religion in recent years go ahead under such a motive and even our bewildered business men will be surprised by the presence of God in the marts of trade.

How surprising of God to appear in the disturbing struggles of life! How surprising of God suddenly to give lightness to leaden tasks! How surprising that a human need and the reconstruction of life to meet that need can astonish us with the majesty of God! How surprising that we never thought of it before!

> When through the night the furnace fires flaring,
> Shooting out tongues of flame like living blood,
> Speak to the heart of love alive and daring,
> Sing of the boundless energy of God;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Then will he come with meekness for his glory,
> God in a workman's jacket as before,
> Living again the eternal gospel story,
> Sweeping the shavings from his workshop floor.

The Way to Peace

By Newton D. Baker

THE man who is cocksure that he has the only way to preserve the peace of the world is a mere nuisance. Each of us must work with the instruments and in the direction which seem to us most promising, and our spirit should be one of broad tolerance and hospitality toward those who are headed in the same direction but approach by other roads.

In this spirit I am obliged to select as my own field of major interest and activity the machinery set up at the close of the World War for consultation, concilia-

tion, arbitration and adjudication. No one of these, nor indeed all of them together, can give us any certain and immediate assurance, but if we are to build a permanent international order, it must be upon some basis which will seek out international disagreements before they have become international conflicts, and by the application of disinterested intelligence put them in the way of being peacefully settled.

I am, therefore, in favor of using this precious moment when the world is at peace to strengthen and fortify the agencies which have been set up to keep it at peace. There is nothing we unofficial Americans can do which will so much contribute to that end as to cooperate in the building up of a public sentiment here in the United States to encourage and sustain our own State Department in every generous gesture it can make toward these agencies and toward the nations which, since 1920, have been slowly creating and perfecting them.

The chief of these, of course, is the League of Nations.

Since 1920, the League of Nations has grown steadily in the flexibility of its processes, and some of the fears we used to have about it have been dissipated. Some used to feel that the League would get the world into war. We now know that the League has prevented wars and stopped wars—not all wars, it is true—but some wars, and that no act of the League from its foundation until now has ever in the slightest degree contributed toward the causing of a war.

The League has changed with experience and will change further with more experience. It is the one serious agency in the world created for the preservation of peace, and now that it has become clear that we can cooperate with it without any forfeiture of our independent rights, or any prejudice to our old and wise traditions, such cooperation seems to me obviously the best measure we can take from a purely American point of view and purely to keep America out of war.

I return to the thought with which I started out—that the most certain way to keep America out of war is to make sure that there will be no war anywhere for her to get into.

THE Divinity of Jesus is the truth which now requires to be reperceived, to be illumined afresh by new knowledge, to be cleansed and revivified by the wholesome flood of scepticism which has poured over it; it can be freed now from all trace of grovelling superstition, and can be recognized freely and enthusiastically.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

A Pastoral Prayer

BY MERRILL F. CLARKE

ETERNAL SPIRIT, Restorer and Comforter, whose presence is not far from any one of us: we bow expectantly before Thee. For Thy character is to draw us away from fretfulness and to invite our souls to rest in Thy great calm.

Lead us this morning into the mansions of Thy house on earth and in heaven. Take from us all sense of strangeness as we move through things abiding as we find them there. Bid us welcome not as strangers nor travelers from afar, but as kinsmen of the Spirit. As we feel Thy love presiding over all life which Thou inhabitest, make us grateful for Thy gift to ourselves, seeing how unlovely and unloving we often are. But let us not leave Thy hospitality without discovering that we too may express the divine love, not merely receiving but giving.

As we move from our narrowness to Thy spacious universe of love, lead us not by stark mountains and cold indifferent stars. Restore our souls, rather, beside still waters and in green pastures. Though men of our time learn by instruments to see farther and by machines to fly higher and to plumb the thinnest planes of space, remind us that Thou doest indeed dwell where the wings of the morning may take us, and dost rule in the uttermost parts of the sea, but that Thou didst disclose Thy love in a little village, and that Thy compassion was made known on a Cross lifted above a tragic city.

We pray today for all who are suffering because they have shut Thy love out of their lives; for all who have no mercy-seat for sorrow and no strong arms for their weakness. We bring to Thee all whose pride of mind yields them only denial of the things unseen which abide forever; those whose loved ones must pass through illness without the support of their faith, through grief without the comfort of their hope. We pray for all who live about us acknowledging the beauty they see, but unable to put beauty into their human relations, or to discover Thee as creator of both beauty and love.

Hear our intercession for all whose hearts are poisoned by bigotry and by passionate hate of fellow men, for those who have only scorn for the weaker races and distrust of those unlike themselves in color or creed or race. O God, be kind to the victims caught in the harvest of such bigotry and hate, those who have been despoiled by them, those who languish and cower in many lands because the passions of others have poured poison into their veins. Put us and our world in love with the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and especially, our Father, in a time when emotion has replaced the just mind, the fruit of self-control.

Let us not feel we have left the Father's house when our prayer is over, but that we are going out to live in it, with our daily problems and our joys, and amid our burdens. In Thy light may we see the light by which we would honestly choose to live. May nothing, not even things ever present in restless minds, separate us from Thy love as it is in Christ, but even in the noisiness of life may we hear the Holy, Holy, Holy of Thy temple, and go our way as those for whom Thou hast called, and messengers of Thy grace whom Thou hast sent. Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Liberating Leadership

By James E. Bell

RECENTLY our committee on nominations set about the annual task of forming the official family of our church. This committee of five members included the chairman, a young lawyer who a few years previously had served the church as Sunday school superintendent and knew his way about; another man of about the same age, a professor in a graduate school who often had laid his sharp eyes and facile tongue on the inadequacies of church life; an elderly woman who had put fifty active years into the church and knew it uncommonly well and had rigid opinions about it; another woman, middle aged —quiet, thoughtful and predisposed to give youth a break; also a girl, just graduating from high school, gladly sharing a work the import of which she could only partly understand.

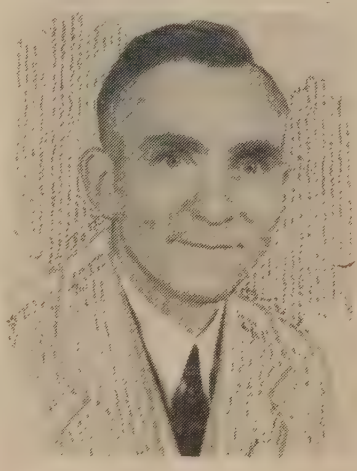
● *Rotation in Office Important*

As the effort of nominating church officers got under way, two problems persisted in plaguing the committee, especially the chairman who led in interviewing prospective officers, and one other committee member—which one the reader will easily guess. These two could plainly see, first, a tendency toward congealing in office rather than rotation; and second, the inability of potential officers to know the responsibilities attaching to a given church office, together with the uncertainty of securing proper training for it. This of course made the filling of vacancies a baffling undertaking. People who take it for granted that a pastor will leave after two or three years—as most of them do, expensive as this is for the pastor and still more costly for the church—have no conviction about the termination of a lay office and consequently have no technique for the retirement of officers or for the shifting or promoting of officers from one office to another. One member of this committee on nominations could see only calamity in lifting certain persons out of their offices and a vast risk in installing certain new persons in office.

The committee deserves commendation in holding to its determination to rotate persons in office—for example, transferring deacons to the board of trustees, or shifting board members to committees, and guarding against any one person holding several offices. It proceeded logically and retained no person on the same board if his term of office expired. In some cases this was costly to the church, and trying also to individuals. But when it came to establishing new persons in office, the committee found that serious people were possessed of a reasonable hesitation, especially in the matter of accepting major offices.

● *Junior Members for Boards, Committees*

Soon two members of the committee came to the pastor with a suggestion that a place be made for junior members in the boards and committees. Thus persons might secure training, serve an apprenticeship, and learn the procedure of the official life of the church. He was delighted because he had seen the need in every church he had served for such an arrangement, and he knew full well that the time had struck to deal definitely and courageously with this issue in the church for which it was recommended. From his own ministry he could recall an official board of a large city church where fifteen families had two members each sitting in the business sessions while hundreds of other families in the same church were unrepresented.



James E. Bell

First, he joined the two members of this committee of five in seeking a committee agreement. There was a kind resistance to the proposal; at the time, a unanimous verdict was impossible. Then the pastor, in the board meetings, promoted the plan, securing a hesitant but favorable response. Next he asked these two committee members to join him in explaining the proposed procedure before a business session of the church. Rebuffed enough in their own committee meetings, they were not looking for the "privilege"; but they acquiesced, speaking with fresh knowledge and contagious conviction. Headway was made, though some sound objections were lodged against the plan as first drawn up.

● *The New Plan As Adopted*

There was no disposition to argue for the details of the plan. Concessions to meet serious questions raised were gladly made. The amended plan, having gained at length the sanction of the nominating committee and having found favor in the second church business session, took this final form:

"We, the committee on nominations, wish to suggest for your consideration the creation of three non-voting Training Memberships of one year each on the Board of Trustees, and a non-voting Training Membership of one year each on the Board of Deacons and the Board of Deaconesses.

"We further suggest that Training Assistantships of one year each be established for the offices of church clerk, church auditor, financial secretary, treasurer, and any other offices not herein mentioned, or that may be hereafter created.

"We recommend that in the event suitable persons can not be found to fill the office or offices, vacancies be permitted to exist in such offices.

"It is our belief that such a plan will tend in time to create a more enlightened membership, generate a greater interest in the functioning of the church, and produce a more sympathetic understanding of the problems and accomplishments of the church."

● *How Two Objections Were Met*

This recommendation, after two preliminary hearings and consequent revisions, was gladly accepted on the basis of a year's experiment. The new form had quieted two weighty objections. In the first draft the plan prescribed young people for these training memberships, presumably under twenty-five. Second, to secure a natural participation, those designated for training were granted voting power. To meet the first objection, namely that young persons were discountenanced particularly for the board of trustees, the term "young people" was stricken from the text. But in so doing the original single membership was increased to three, anticipating that three persons not voting would be

freer and more helpful than one person with voting power. Further it was decided by the framers of the recommendation that reference to age might well disappear and give place to the second and more important idea—that of *training* memberships. Who was it said that when a brand new idea entered an empty head it had the run of its life? Well, when two ideas meet in one narrow-gauged mind, proportions are exploded. Here it was felt the idea of age could well suffer for the sake of the larger idea of training.

The discussions arising out of these proposals were provocative and educational. Neither had the emphasis on youth been in vain. In filling a vacancy in the board of deacons, after the proposed plan was passed for a year's experiment, a young man twenty-seven years of age was elected. It was not so serious with this board of deacons as some others known to the writer. He thinks of one where a deacon younger than fifty was unthought of and where—"once a deacon always a deacon"—extreme age never retired a deacon. And yet in this board, prior to the action considered, youth had been unrepresented. Following the acceptance of this recommendation, three persons have been asked to join the board of trustees on training memberships. One, a girl, is twenty years of age; another, a man, is twenty-eight; the third, also a man, is thirty-two. This is cause for rejoicing.

● *New Opportunity For Youth*

This much can be said safely, even at this early date. The church has given youth far more representation on the boards. The idea of training in the church for its places of leadership, begun with a study of the office of deacon in the midst of the difficulty encountered in finding available and suitable persons for the office and the election of new deacons—has been lodged, and the desire for securing it has been stimulated. A man of forty in a previous pastorate used to like to laugh and tell this story. Far from being asked to become a deacon himself, though he desired the office—partly because he was forty, laughed too much and worked too hard—he once asked a young woman whether Mr. So-and-so was a deacon. She made this reply, most seriously: "I don't think he is; I never saw him pass the collection plate."

In seeking to solve the main problem, that of providing an opportunity for training in the official life of the church, another problem closely akin to it if not indeed a part of it, has been dealt with. Rotation in office, as reasonable at least as rotation of crops, has had deep meanings flashed upon it, for with the one has come the other. At this time, less than two months after the passage of the recommendation of the new plan of procedure, it can be said that the leadership of the church has been liberated.

● *Liberate or Abdicate*

The leadership of the church involves its life or death. Unliberated, it makes of the inner circle of office-holders an exclusive group, soon loving its own leadership more than the cause it was set to serve. Thus it harbors cliques and freezes fellowship. It is liberate or abdicate. Liberating the leadership, on the other hand, is in the way to an inclusive church, in which the official family, regarding the common life as a trust, share and serve. When the board members and other officers are face-to-face with those in training, they have necessary reminder that they have obligations to the entire membership. This arrangement for training memberships is functional. Sunday school participation and young people's work afford church members scant opportunity for sharing the going life of the church as it flows through the boards and committees in life situations.

Given a fair chance, this arrangement will shorten the overlong terms of lay office-bearers, extend too brief pastorates (at least after the system gets into operation) liberalize the leadership, and afford a far larger opportunity for a trained and responsive membership.

Verse

"Next Time"

THE order goes; what if we rush ahead
With friendly shouts—with welcoming and cheer
And loyal clasp of fellowship—instead
Of lethal gas, and bombs that maim and sear—
"Next time"?

If, in accord, the armies look afar
Where droops a Figure on a Cross; and hear,
"Of all my woe, Ye make a mockery!"
With Him allied—what cause have we to fear—
"Next time"?

Firm in our faith, we stand together there—
Comrades and brothers; if we must be slain
So let our captains take us; but Beware!
They *cannot make us ope His wounds again*—
"Next time"!

LAURA SIMMONS.

Love's Strength

MEASURE thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

H. E. H. KING.

Reflections

STARS lie broken on a lake
Whenever passing breezes make
The wavelets leap;
But when the lake is still, the sky
Gives moon and stars that they may lie
On that calm deep.

If, like the lake that has the boon
Of cradling the little moon
Above the hill,
I want the Infinite to be
Reflected undisturbed in me,
I must be still.

EDNA BECKER.

Prayer

LORD, forgive—
That I have dwelt too long on Golgotha,
My wracked eyes fixed
On Thy poor, tortured human form upon the cross,
And have not seen
The lilies in Thy dawn-sweet garden bend
To anoint Thy risen feet; nor known the ways
Thy radiant spirit walks abroad with men.

PAULINE SCHROY.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

For fourteen years Rev. ALFRED GRANT WALTON was minister of the Old First Congregational church, Stamford, Conn. In 1931 he went to Hope Congregational church, Springfield, Massachusetts, and in 1934 began his present pastorate at the Tomkins Avenue Congregational church in Brooklyn, New York. This is the second largest church of this denomination in America.

Rev. WILLIAM F. KOSMAN, *pastor of the* Salem Reformed church of Allentown, Pennsylvania, follows a long line of distinguished ministers in that pulpit. Among Dr. Kosman's predecessors are Rev. George W. Richards and Rev. Theodore F. Herman. Dr. Kosman is a member of the executive committee of the Reformed church and is active in the missionary leadership of his denomination.

A graduate of the College of the Bible, Transylvania university, of Lexington, Kentucky, Rev. JOHN J. CASTLEBERRY was awarded a B. D. degree by Yale Divinity School. Since 1920 he has ministered to the Walnut Hills Christian church, Cincinnati, O. He served as president of the Disciples Congress for a year and has also headed the Cincinnati Federation of Churches.

Rev. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER *was ordained* in the Methodist Episcopal ministry in 1896. Following a brief pastorate in Kansas City he went to Grace Church, Denver. From 1910 to 1919 he led the activities of Grace Church, New York city. Since 1919 he has ministered at the famous Broadway Temple in New York. Dr. Reisner has been active in reform work; he has been a member of the New York police crime commission.

Throughout his long preaching career—since 1899—Rev. JOSEPH MARTIN DAWSON has held pastorates in Texas. For about twenty years he has ministered at First Baptist church, Waco. He is a staff correspondent for the Christian Century and was for a period book editor of the Homiletic Review.

Rev. C. MARSHALL MUIR *is minister of* the Bellefield Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Rev. MERRILL F. CLARKE *is pastor of* the Congregational church, New Canaan, Connecticut.

Rev. JAMES E. BELL *is minister of the* First Baptist church, Greeley, Colorado.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JOHN M. VERSTEEG, Walnut Hills-Avondale Methodist Episcopal, Cincinnati. "Have You Heard From God Lately?" Acts 19:2—"Have you received the holy Spirit since you believed?"

V. E. BUSLER, Greene Street Methodist Episcopal, Piqua, O.—"Born to Be Conquerors." I John 5:4—"For whatever is born of God conquers the world."

L. O. BRICKER, Peachtree Christian, Atlanta, Ga. "For the Health of Thy Soul." Psalm 113—"God . . . who is the health of thy countenance . . . who healeth all diseases."

RAYMOND C. KNOX, Chaplain of Columbia University. "New Faith in Freedom." Galatians 5:1—"It is for freedom that Christ set us free; stand therefore, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage."

ROLLIN GOODFELLOW, Pine Street Congregational, Lewiston, Me. "Detour to Happiness." Matthew 10:39—"He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

G. H. GEBHARDT, First Reformed, Philadelphia, Pa. "The River of God." Psalm 46:4—"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

PAUL M. HUMPHREYS, First Baptist, Huntingdon, Pa. "The Chief Function of Religion." Ephesians 3:20—"For he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

MILTON M. MCGORRELL, Fountain Street Baptist, Grand Rapids, Mich. "I Believe in the Guidance of God." Psalm 23:3—"He leadeth me."

CARADOC J. MORGAN, First Congregational, Hutchinson, Minn. "The Voice of Experience," Ecclesiastes 1:9—"There is no new thing under the sun."

G. MERRILL LENOX, Judson Memorial Baptist, Minneapolis, Minn. "More Than Conquerors," Rom. 8:37—"Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

....
Title of sermon

....
Text used (write out the text)

....
Name of minister

....
Name of church

....
Address

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

POPE PIUS made it plain in his address to the refugees from Spain that in the portentous alignment, which is swiftly forming, of fascist powers against communist powers, the Roman church will give its blessing to the fascist side. The word "communism" did not appear in the address, but the pontiff summoned the faithful throughout the world to resist the "program of hate, subversion and destruction" which menaces "the very foundation of all order, all culture and all civilization." With much variation of language he characterized "the Catholic church and the Catholic religion as being the one real obstacle in the way of those forces which have already given a sample and measure of themselves in subversive attacks of every kind and order, from Russia to China, and from Mexico to South America." It is the "Satanic persecution" of the church in these countries which relighted "in Spain that flame of hatred and savage persecution which has been confessedly reserved for the Catholic church." At this moment when every nation in Europe is being driven into a corner and compelled to take sides in the coming struggle between fascism and communism, the pope's public blessing of the fascist rebels in Spain is portentous. It is likely to make the coming struggle a holy war. Catholic writers are working hard to draw a distinction between fascist Italy and nazi Germany favorable to Italy, and between nazi Germany and communist Russia favorable to Germany. Thus the way appears to be opening for the Vatican to negotiate a concordat with Hitler, and the papal secretary of state has announced his intention of paying a visit to Berlin in October. It is not surprising that as between fascism and communism the Vatican chooses fascism. I believe the sympathy and the moral judgment of Protestantism would be otherwise.

The Pope Takes Sides With Fascist Rebels

The Book of the Month

PLAIN THOUGHTS ON WORSHIP, *by Edwin A. Goldsworthy. Willett, Clark & Company, $1.50.*

MANY books on worship deal with questions which lie outside the zone of the average church's experience. They have their value, even so, for our whole pattern of worship needs to be re-examined under the light of the most thoroughgoing philosophy of liturgics. But we need also a book that will give immediate practical help, a book which the average pastor can read with the expectation that it will not merely enlighten his mind but will actually change a good many things in his worship service. Here is such a book. It speaks to the condition of the average minister about worship in the average church. It discusses the construction of the service, the content of worship, the manner of expression, the use of doctrine, the administration of the ordinances, the church building, children's worship, the adjustment of worship to various levels of culture, etc., etc. A splendid chapter on the recovery of private worship as a background for the public service is invaluable not for ministers alone but for every Christian. This is the kind of book your organist, your deacons and other key persons in your congregation will read. If you once got it into the hands of a dozen such people you would be able to create a new atmosphere of devotion in your service of worship. As I say, the book treats worship in terms appropiate to the problems of the average church. But this makes the author's work valuable to the minister of the above-the-average church—whatever that may be. For some time our Protestantism has felt seriously the need of a thorough reconsideration of our worship habits and this book makes a distinct contribution to the filling of that need. The pastor concerned to deepen the worship experience of his people cannot fail to find it of the largest practical value.

A Thought for the Month

I CAN no longer read the statistics of churchly progress, of gains in membership, of increases in the value of properties, of more churches organized, of more men entering the ministry. Figures like those do not tell us the truth—they tell us falsehood. They tell us that Christianity is flourishing, and it is not flourishing. How can Christianity be said to be flourishing when western civilization, commonly called Christendom, is on the point of collapse? How can Christianity be said to be flourishing when the world situation is so desperate that the spirit of America is selfishly shrinking into its nationalistic shell for very fear that it will be caught in the catastrophe which it feels is about to befall the rest of the world? There is not a statesman in the world who has a word of hope upon his lips, except the whipped up word of chauvinistic hope that his own nation and his own race may outride the storm. The Christian church was never so powerless. It will not do to say: "The forces of evil were never so strong and so insolent; the church's weakness is therefore only apparent; it seems weak only when measured against such wicked strength." No, it will not do to say that. For that is to confess that the gates of hell *can* prevail against a faithful church. And the church's Head himself declared that they could not. The debacle of civilization is the debacle of the Christian church. We have not been faithful. We have been carried away by false ideas. We have allowed the Body of Christ to be dismembered. Four centuries ago Catholicism faithlessly let the Body of Christ break in two. For four centuries Protestantism has contentiously and faithlessly allowed its part of the Body to break into innumerable fragments. Today Christ is divided, and the powers of evil stalk abroad without constraint. Why should I take pride in the statistics which tell me that churches and members and property are increasing when the increase only adds to the shame of the church and makes its weakness more pitiable?

Figures Do Not Tell the Truth

Charles Clayton Morrison

Vigorous! *Interesting!*

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Disciples
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